

Ten bars of Fels-Naptha soap for 50c; and your money back from your grocer if you don't like it.

HOPE IN THE MUCHACHO.

Chaplain Sam Small Tells About the Boys of Cuba.

(Special Correspondence.)

SANTIAGO, June 1.—"Muchacho" is Cubanese for boy, and the Cuban boy is blood brother to the boy of every other tribe of Adam. As far back as 1878 the American artist J. G. Brown captured the lovers of the genre portrait from all lands with his pictures in the galleries of the Paris exposition of that year. But scarcely any



GROUP OF CUBAN BOYS.

of his famous pieces is more unique and characteristic of boyishness than many of the street snap shots available in the Cuban cities.

From the time you step upon a Cuban wharf and are tackled by the "rats" who want to carry your luggage until you finally flip your last centavo into the hand of the "muchacho" who has helped you aboard the home bound boat you are constantly reminded that Cuba has for a long time been busy raising Cains and Abels as well as "raising hades with Spain." Cuba may be the land of manana—always "tomorrow"—with the men, but not so with the "muchachos." They are always up to date and "alive for today."

The Cuban boy has not had a fair chance. For years he has been the victim of the unkindness of war. While fighting and foraging have destroyed the industries of the country, the boys have had a hard time in which to make progress toward manhood. The Spanish government neglected the schools and started out the teachers. The fathers were imprisoned, transported, reconcentrated and starved or else perished in battle, in camp or in hospitals in the hills. The boys had to work when they could find anything to do or hustle for odd jobs in the streets. Lacking the latter, there was nothing else to beg for the coppers that might keep body and soul together. Their case was pitiful indeed, and even yet thousands of them show the pinched and hungry looks that will mark them for life.

Yet the Cuban boy is a promising quantity in the island. A close acquaintance with him reveals that he has capacities and natural ambitions. He takes instruction kindly, and is easily excited to emulation. The majority of those encountered in the school give unquestionable evidence that better systems of culture, sanitation and adaptation of education to opportunities will speedily develop a better and more effective generation than Cuba has ever before known. The schoolmaster is to be the real reconstructer of the nation. The raw material is all along the highways, as shown in the picture, as eager to be drilled into splendid citizenship as to be smothered by a soldier photographer or to follow the Cuban band, an instructive thing with boys in all nations where music heads the procession.

CHAPLAIN SAM W. SMALL.

MORMON ENERGY.

Development of the New Colony in British America.

(Special Correspondence.)

SALT LAKE CITY, June 13.—The Mormon people are great colonizers. Recently a party of 22, together with wagons, live stock and agricultural implements, left for the province of Alberta, settlement in Canada. This colony was founded in 1887, and has the support of the government. The Alberta district is just east of the Rocky mountains and north of Montana. The area of the province comprises over 107,700 square miles, being larger than England and Wales combined. The Utah authorities have selected the beautiful St. Mary's valley for their emigrants.

Well informed persons here declare that the climate is delightful in the Canadian settlement. The winter season is short, and the cold is said never to be intense. There are strong winds blowing always, but they are dry, and the absence of any humidity is beneficial. The climate is especially good for those who are suffering from cramps or are threatened with lung troubles.

Agriculturists and their families are encouraged to locate in Alberta and aid in developing the country. Land can be purchased for \$3 an acre. City lots, an acre and a quarter in size, bring from \$20 to \$40. Coal is said to abound, the entire district being reported by geological survey to be underlain with coal. At the town of Lethbridge there is an immense coal mine, which produces large quantities of minerals.

An immense canal is being constructed in Alberta. It will carry water from the St. Mary's river at Cardston as far as Sterling, a distance of 50 miles. The total cost of the enterprise will reach \$500,000 and will be completed before the end of the year. Over a million feet of lumber will be used.

The two rival mining exchanges make matters lively here. Many of the old time silver and lead producers have opened up and have already resumed paying dividends. Lead mines in this state are also quite profitable. The great rise in the price of copper has caused a rush of miners and prospectors to this state.

DR. MARTIN'S BOOK.

Relief for Women French Female Pills.

CHOICE OF BELIEFS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE SPEAKS ON RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE.

All Evangelical Churches, He Says, Are Good and Are Seeking the Salvation of Sinners.

(Copyright, Louis Klepach, 1899.)

WASHINGTON, June 13.—In this sermon Dr. Talmage discussed a topic which will interest domestic circles everywhere. The text is Genesis xiii, 8: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

Uncle and nephew, Abram and Lot, both pious, both millionaires, and with such large flocks of bleating sheep and lowing cattle that their herdmen got into a fight, perhaps about the best pasture or about the best water privilege or because the cow of one got hooked by the horns of the other. Not their poverty of opportunity, but their wealth, was the cause of controversy between these two men. To Abram, the glorious old Mesopotamian sheik, such controversy seemed absurd. It was like two ships quarreling for sea room in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. There was a vast reach of country, cornfields, vineyards, harvests and plenty of room in illimitable acreage. "Now," says Abram, "let us agree to differ. Here are the mountain districts, swept by the tonic sea breeze and with the 'rich man's' estate, and there is the plain of the Jordan, with tropical luxuriance. You may have either."

Lot, who was not as rich as Abram, and might have been expected to take the second choice, made the first selection and with a modesty that must have made Abram smile said to him: "You may have the rocks and the fine aspect. I will take the valley of the Jordan, with all its luxuriance of cornfields and the river to water the fields and the genial climate and the wealth immeasurable." So the controversy was forever settled and great souled Abram carried out the suggestion of the text: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

Well, in this the last decade of the nineteenth century and in this beautiful land, which was called America, after America Vesputius, but should have been called Columbia, after its discoverer, Columbus, we have a wealth of religious privilege and opportunity that is positively bewildering. Churches of all sects and of all kinds of government and all forms of worship and all styles of architecture—what opulence of ecclesiastical opportunity! Now, while in desolate regions there may be only one church, in the opulent districts of this country there is such a profusion that there ought to be no difficulty in making a selection. No fight about territory, no rivalry, no religious or non-religious adherents, or as to baptismal modes, or a handful of water as compared with a riverful. If Abram prefers to dwell on the heights, where he can get only a sprinkling from the clouds, let him consent that Lot have all the Jordan in which to immerse himself. "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

Angry Discussion Decried.

Especially is it unfortunate when families allow angry discussion at the breakfast or dining or tea table as to which is the best church or denomination, one at one end of the table saying he could never endure the rigid doctrine of Presbyterianism, one at the other end replying that she never could stand the form of Episcopacy, and one at one side of the table saying he did not understand how anybody could bear the noise in the Methodist church, and another declaring all the Baptist bigots. There are hundreds of families hopelessly split on ecclesiastical issues, and in the middle of every discussion on such subjects there is a kindling of indignation, and it needs some old father Abram to come and put his foot on the loaded fuse before the explosion takes place and say: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

I undertake a subject never undertaken by any other pulpit, for it is an exceedingly delicate subject, and if not rightly handled might give serious offense, but I approach it without the slightest trepidation, for I am sure I have the divine direction in the matter I propose to present. It is a tremendous question, asked all over Christendom, often asked with tears and sobs and heartbreaks and involving the peace of families, the eternal happiness of many souls. In matters of church attendance should the wife go with the husband or the husband go with the wife?

First, remember that all the evangelical churches have enough truth in them to save the soul and prepare us for happiness on earth and in heaven. I will go with you into any well selected theological library, and I will show you sermons from ministers in all denominations that set forth man as sinner and Christ as a deliverer from sin and sorrow. That is the whole gospel. Get that into your soul and you are fitted for the here and the hereafter. There are differences, we admit, and some denominations are like better than others. But suppose three or four of us make solemn agreement to meet each other a week from now in Chicago on important business, and one goes by the Erie railroad, another by the Pennsylvania railroad, another by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. One goes by the Erie because the morning is grander; another takes this because the cars are more luxurious; another that because the speed is greater; another takes the other because he has long been accustomed to that route, and all the employees are familiar. So far as our engagement to meet is concerned it makes no difference if we only go there. Now, any one of the innumerable evangelical denominations, if you practice its teaching—although some of their trains run on a broad gauge and some on a narrow gauge—will bring you out at the city of the New Jerusalem.

Safe in Any Church.

It being evident that you will be safe

in any of the evangelical denominations. I proceed to remark, first, if one of the married couple be a Christian and the other not, the one a Christian is bound to go with him to a church where the unconverted companion is willing to go, if he or she will go to no other. You of the carnal partnership are a Christian. You are safe for the skies. Then it is your first duty to secure the eternal safety of your lifetime associate. Is not the everlasting welfare of your wife, or your husband, more important, more important than the welfare of your church? Is not the condition of your companion for the next quadrillion of years a mightier consideration to you than the gratification of your ecclesiastical taste for 40 or 50 years? A man or a woman that would stop half a minute to weigh preferences as to whether he or she had better go with the unconverted companion to this or that church or denomination has no religion at all, and never has had, and I fear never will have. You are loaded up with what you suppose to be religion, but you are like Captain Frohisher who brought back from his voyage of discovery a shipload of what he supposed valuable minerals, yet, instead of being silver and gold, were nothing but common stones, and he, to be buried out as finally useless.

Mighty God! In all thy realm is there one man or woman professing religion, yet so stupid, so unfitted, so far gone into death that there would be any hesitancy in surrendering all preferences before such an opportunity of salvation and heavenly reunion? If you, a Christian wife, are an attendant upon any church, and your unconverted husband does not go there because he does not like its preacher, or its music, or its architecture, or its uncomfortable crowding, and does not go if you would accompany him somewhere else, change your church relations. Take your hymnbook home with you today. Say goodbye to your friends in the neighboring pews, and go with him to any one of a hundred churches till his soul is saved and he joins you in the march to heaven. More important than that ring on the third finger of your left hand it is that your heavenly Father command the angel of mercy, concerning your husband at his conversion, the parable of old, "Put a ring on his hand."

The Dearest Sacrifice.

No letter of more importance ever came to the great city of Corinth, situated on what was called the "Bridge of the Sea," and glistening with sculpture and gilded with a style of brass the magnificence of which the following ages have not been able to successfully imitate and overshadowed by the Acropolis, the temple of the goddess of high art, I saw no letter ever came to that great city of more importance than that letter in which Paul puts the most startling questions: "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? Or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" The dearest sacrifice on the part of the one is cheap if it rescue the other from bondage to the smallest, the most insignificant church on earth and be copartners in eternal bliss than pass your earthly membership in most gorgeously attractive church while your companion sits outside of evangelical privilege. Better have the drowning saved by a scow or a sloop than let him or her go down while you sail by in the gilded cabins of a majestic or Campanile.

Second remark: If both of the married couples be Christians, but one is so naturally constructed that it is impossible to enjoy the services of a particular denomination, and the other is not so sectarian or punctilious, let the one less particular go with the other who is very particular. As for myself, I feel as much at home in one denomination as in another. I like many of the other just as much as any I have mentioned and I could happily live and preach and die and be buried among them. But others are born with a liking so stout, so unbending, so inexorable for some denomination that it is a positive necessity they have the advantage of that one. What they were intended to be in the ecclesiastical world is written in the sides of their cradle, if the father and mother had eyes keen enough to see it. They would not stop crying until they had put in their hands as a plaything a Westminster Catechism or the Thirty-nine Articles. The whole current of their temperament and thought and character runs into one sect of religionists as naturally as the water runs into the Chesapeake bay. It would be a torture to such persons to be anywhere outside of that one church.

Now, let the wife or husband who is not so constructed sacrifice the milder preference for the one more inflexible and rigorous. Let the grapevine follow the rustiness and sinuosities of the oak or hickory. Abram, the richer in flocks of Christian grace, should say to Lot, who is built on a smaller scale: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?" As you can be edified and happy anywhere, go with your companion to the church to which he or she must go or be miserable.

Agree to Differ.

Remark the third: If both the married couple are very strong in their sectarianism, let them attend the different churches preferred. It is not necessary that you attend the same church. Religion is between your conscience and your God. Like Abram and Lot, agree to differ. When on Sabbath morning you come out of your home together and one goes one way and the other the other, heartily wish each other a good sermon and a time of profitable devotion, and when you meet again at the noonday repast let it be evident, each to each, and to your children, and to the hired help, that you have both been on the Mount of Transfiguration, although you went up by different paths, and that you have both been fed by the bread of life, though kneaded by different hands in different trays and baked in different ovens. "Do not how about the children?" I am often asked by scores of parents. Let them also make their own choice. They will grow up with

reverence for both the denominations represented by father and mother if you, by holy lives, commend those denominations. If the father lives the better life, they will have the more favorable opinion of his denomination. If the mother lives the better life, they will have the more favorable opinion of her denomination. And some day both the parents will, for at least one service, go to the same church. The neighbors will say, "I wonder what is going on today. I saw our neighbors and their wife, who always go to different churches, going arm in arm to the same sanctuary."

Well, I will tell you what has brought them together, arm in arm, to the same altar. Something very important has happened. Their son is today uniting with the church. He is standing in the aisle, taking the vows of a Christian. He has been somewhat wayward, and gave father and mother a good deal of anxiety, but their prayers have been answered in his conversion, and as he stands in the aisle and the minister of religion says, "Do you consecrate yourself to the God who made and redeemed you and do you promise to serve him all your days?" and with manly voice he answers, "I do," there is an angel shower in the pew where father and mother sit and a rainbow of joy which arches both their souls, that makes all differences of creed infinitesimal. And the daughter who had been very worldly and gay and thoughtless, puts her life on the altar of consecration and as the sunlight of that Sabbath streams through the church windows and falls upon her brow and cheek she looks like their other daughter, whose face was illumined with the brightness of another world on the day when the Lord took her into his heavenly keeping years ago.

Joy in the House of God.

I should not wonder, if, after all, these parents pass the evening of their life in the same church, all differences of church preference overcome by the joy of being in the house of God where their children were prepared for usefulness and heaven. But I can give you a recipe for ruining your children. Angerily contend in the household that your church is right and the church of your companion is wrong. Bring sneer and caricature to disparage your opinions, and your children will make their minds that religion is a sham, and they will have none of it. In the north-east corner of domestic controversy the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley will not grow. Fight about apostolic succession, fight about election and free agency, fight about baptism, fight about the bishopric, fight about gown and surplice, and your children will be left far from the center around which the planets revolved. The bigot makes his little belief the center of everything, but the large souled Christian makes the Sun of Righteousness the center, and all denominations, without any clashing and each in its own sphere, revolving around it. Over the tomb of Dean Stanley in Westminster abbey is the inscription, "Let all denominations be exceeding broad." Let no man crowd us on to a path like the bridge at Sirat, which the Mohammedan thinks leads from this world over the abyss of hell into paradise, the breadth of the bridge less than the web of a starved spider or the edge of a sword or razor, off the edges of which many fall. No. While the way is not wide enough to take with us any of our sins, it is wide enough for all Christian believers to pass without peril into everlasting safety. But do not any of you depend upon what you call "a sound creed" for salvation. A man may own all the statutes of the state of New York and yet not be a lawyer, and a man may own all the best medical treatises and not be a physician, and a man may own all the best works on painting and architecture and not be either painter or architect, and a man may own all the sound creeds in the world and yet not be a Christian. Not what you have in your head and on your tongue, but in your heart and in your life, will decide everything.

"Hang Out Your Lights."

In olden times in England before the modern street lamps were invented every householder was expected to have a lantern extended from his house, and the cry of the watchmen in London as they went along at eventide was, "Hang out your lights!" Instead of disputing in your home about the different kinds of lantern, as a watchman on the walls of Zion I cry, "Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven." Hang out your lights! You may have a thousand and one ideas about religion and yet not the great idea of pardoning mercy. It is not the number of your ideas, but the greatness of them. A mouse hath ten offsprings in her nest, while the lioness hath one in her lair. All ideas about forms and ceremonies and church government put together are not worth the one idea of getting to heaven your self and taking your family with you.

But do not reject Christianity, as many do, because there are so many sects. Standing in Westminster hotel, London, I looked out of the window and saw three clocks, as near as I can remember, one on the parliament house, another on St. Margaret's chapel and another on Westminster abbey, and they were all different. One said 12 o'clock at noon, another said five minutes after 12, and a third said five minutes after 12. I might as well have concluded that there is no such thing as time, because the three timepieces were different, as for you to conclude that there is no such thing as Christianity, because the churches differ in their statement of it.

But let us all rejoice that, although part of our family may worship on earth in one church and part in another church, or bowed at the same altar in a compromise of preferences,

we are, if redeemed, on the way to a perfect church, where all our preferences will be fully gratified. Great cathedrals, with arches of amethyst and pillars of sapphires, with floors of emerald and windows aglow with the sunrise of heaven! What stupendous towers, with chimneys hoisted and angel rung! What myriads of worshippers, white robed and coroneted! What an officiator at the altar, even "the great High Priest of our profession!" What walls, hung with the captured shields and flags, by the church militant passed up to recall the sufferings past! Pull out the trumpet stop to celebrate the victory!

When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls And nearly gaze behold The bulwarks with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold?

EDISON'S INITIATION.

Dramatic Climax to His Introduction to Cheiving Tobacco.

"A long time ago, when I was a little of a boy," said Edison, "I, with two other little fellows, had saved up a lot of scrap iron and tin and zinc which I could not walk straight. It would grow more severe until it caused waterbrash and vomiting of a slimy yellow water. A physician told me I had a form of dyspepsia and treated me for some time with bitters but I benefited but not a physician told me my liver was out of order and that I had indigestion. He gave me a treatment and I got some better but only for a short time. I then tried another one who said I had chronic indigestion, chronic inflammation of the stomach, torpid liver and kidney affection. He treated me for more than a year and I felt much better, but did not last. I then used several widely advertised patent medicines, but they did me no good. I then tried Dr. Pierce's medicine, using his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the 'Pierce's Kidney and Bladder Medicine.' I felt better than I had for years before."

Don't be wheedled by a penny-grubber dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose advice is given free to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

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O. S. Copenhaver, Esq., of Mount Union, Hamilton, Ohio, writes: "About twelve years ago I was suddenly taken with a pain in the pit of the stomach which was so violent I could not walk straight. It would grow more severe until it caused waterbrash and vomiting of a slimy yellow water. A physician told me I had a form of dyspepsia and treated me for some time with bitters but I benefited but not a physician told me my liver was out of order and that I had indigestion. He gave me a treatment and I got some better but only for a short time. I then tried another one who said I had chronic indigestion, chronic inflammation of the stomach, torpid liver and kidney affection. He treated me for more than a year and I felt much better, but did not last. I then used several widely advertised patent medicines, but they did me no good. I then tried Dr. Pierce's medicine, using his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the 'Pierce's Kidney and Bladder Medicine.' I felt better than I had for years before."

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